

# Daily Eagle

M. H. BURDOCK, Editor.

## That Man Who Kissed Missouri Women.

The microbe or deadly germ theory of kissing has at last been finally settled, whatever else of danger may remain lurking in the osculatory contact. Our dispatches tell us that Hobson kissed 163 girls, women and females, in Chicago, and 267 of the same gender at Kansas City. If all this smacking and bussing doesn't kill Hobson, it ought to. There must have been pints and quarts of microbe-charged slobber evolved in these muzzling excursions; all characters of lips and every variety of breath known to either hospitals, lovers, matrimony of shipboard celibacy. Mormonism nor Bluebeards are in it with this performance of Hobson's at Kansas City. The chances in gorging on trichinae hog would be nowhere near so dangerous, and if Richard Pearson Hobson doesn't die of forty different kinds of contagious maladies and infectious distempers, he is a pollution-proof, iron-clad Hygieia, or otherwise his billing performance has demolished the bacteria theory. Of course it might be possible for a fully developed and virile man to subject himself to osculating salutes from the lips of 267 sun-bathed and wind-disinfected women of the bright Kansas prairies. But a quarter of a thousand of Missouri women, Kansas City, Missouri women, of all ages and sizes, reared in the atmosphere of stock yards, breathing only the breath of the packing houses. Ugh! Manizer bullets or thirteen-inch guns can no longer be categorized as deadly or dreaded missiles by the hero of the Merrimac. No wonder the young Alabamian took the fast mail after such an experience. One woman, no doubt loaded with micromosmic maggots or Missouri Infusoria, beguiled him into a clinging kiss, or, as Shakespeare describes it, a kiss of the inner lips, by donning school girl habiliments. No Kansas girl would touch a man with a forty-foot pole after such a performance, even though he had obstructed the main channel of the Gulf Stream with sunken ships, and they will all be pleased to hear that he went through the Sunflower realm on the Hoodoo Fast Mail, in the dark hours between midnight and daylight, and that the ventilators of the sleeper were all closed.

## "And the Rich Man Lifted Up His Eyes."

It is unnecessary to recall the parable setting forth the camel's effort to get through the eye of the needle, not yet hint where that other rich man was when he lifted up his eyes. The fact remains that rich men die, and that they must go somewhere, and that they must leave their wealth behind them. The last generation has evolved a greater number of fabulously rich men in the United States than any age or other nation can show. A hundred thousand dollars one hundred years ago constituted wealth. There are hundreds of thousands now who boast more than that who are considered but ordinarily well-to-do, not even accounted independent, much less rich. To be worth less than ten millions is not to be very rich in America's greater cities. A hundred millions of dollars is nearer the figure. It was said that Gould's ambition was for a thousand millions. But he died before attaining more than one-third such an amount. Trusts and combines may succeed individuals in the control of vast accumulations of wealth, and the people as a whole may finally take the matter in hand, but as yet individual men of great foresight, by taking advantage of newly arising conditions and exigencies, pile up fortunes beyond the dreams of Croesus or the Caesars. There are thousands of men in America who represent many millions of dollars each. The most of these are men past middle life, many of them old. Few of them will leave progeny who can hold such accumulations together, much less add to them. These men must die, are dying, continually. Brice died but last week. Rockefeller, estimated to be the wealthiest man in the world, is on the sun-down slope. He is to die, too, and how his millions will scatter among blood relations, many of whom are pretty stricken. He started himself on \$50 a month, in a clerkship, but his actual income is now estimated at twenty millions of dollars a year, or almost one hundred thousand dollars a day, despite the millions he has given away to churches, charities and educational institutions. He may, no doubt, be counting on a place alongside of Lazarus, in Abraham's bosom, but when he comes to consider all his chances, that parable of Christ's rises up wherein the purple and fine linen victim was howling for water. Still, wealth ought not to be any greater disgrace than poverty. Probably the victims of neither are to blame. Some men can't help making money, while others can't make any.

But whether the rich live or die, the most of their wealth remains to their country. A few fool girls take their portions and themselves and turn over both to some hereditary noble who boasts a worthless title and brags of a pile of old tumble stones which he calls his "castle," where his glutinous ancestors reveled it out on what they had robbed of others. But these are the exception. America is growing richer every day, both from her natural resources and from ingenuity—so rich that the dispatches tell us that foreign powers are asking to borrow of our surplus. As it is interest that eats up alike the individual and the national borrower, the chances are that within fifty years we will not only be living off the rest of the world, but will be the most opulent people of all history. And this will all come of our money accumulating capably as a people, come of the success of these multimillionaires, of whose chances on the other side of the veil we have been speculating.

## A Bishop in the Collins Case.

Bishop Mills' evidence in the Topeka Collins murder case sets up a rather startling standard of morals for young men, one which will not be found tenable in America. Collins testified that he had lied to his friends, lied to the public, swore falsely, consorted with disreputable negro gamblers in order to raise money; yet the bishop could not find it in his heart to condemn him. He would not admit that John Collins for all these things stood lower in his, the bishop's, estimation. The fact that John Collins was a member of the Episcopal church and a lay reader, and admitted of Bishop Mills' evidence, will not excuse him in the eyes of the world. Whatever the bishop may hold, the non-churchman as a rule despises a hypocrite, and that is what Collins was, according to his own testimony, even if he is not a murderer. There is only one authority that can forgive John Collins of the things he confessed, and that power is not the church. After Bishop Mills' evidence in the John Collins case, if he did read it, the chances are that he regretted being so swift a witness and that he didn't qualify somewhat his broad answers. John Collins may not have murdered his father, but whether he swears to the truth or to a lie touching his own conduct and actions in the weeks ante-

cedent to the tragedy, he has forfeited the esteem of a very large majority of right-minded people.

## Sagasta Helping McKinley.

Everything seems to conspire to aid President McKinley, to emphasize the fact that his war for humanity was right, and to accentuate the wisdom of his enunciation that we are morally bound to protect the Philippines and Cubans not only against Spain but against themselves.

We are told in the Scriptures that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. There seems warrant for assuming that these self-same stars, which unquestionably fought against Spain, are now fighting against those who stand in opposition to a ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain.

Just after it was announced that Mr. Bryan strongly favored ratification, while opposed to Philippine annexation, the premier of Spain, the veteran Sagasta, is reported to have made declarations that, pending the alleged doubtful outcome of the treaty debate in our senate, the Spanish cortes will take no action regarding the treaty or the cessions of Spanish control which it demands.

If anything were needed to strengthen the sentiment in the senate in favor of ratification to the winning point, one would say that Sagasta's latest assumption would surely "fill the bill."

How Mr. McKinley must smile as he thinks of the Spanish premier who is unwittingly his ally in the work of ratifying the treaty which our American peace commission compelled Spain's representatives to accept in Paris!

## High-Cockalorum Wilhelm Sheepshead.

Within a day or two, if we remember correctly, the New York German, Frank Knaak, who is charged with having alluded to the Emperor of Germany as a sheepshead, for which he has been languishing in prison, will be tried. He will claim, or does claim, that he was drunk. A good many of his German American fellow citizens who are perfectly sober think Knaak sized the Kaiser up about right. The German authorities will, of course, assume that the Kaiser is not a sheepshead. They would not dare to assume anything else. If they did, they would find themselves companions in misery with Knaak. The United States cannot interfere in the case because of the international rule that a stranger in a strange land must conform to the customs and laws of the country in which he may be sojourning. Knaak has our sympathies, for if there is a ruler on top of God's footstool more bumptious than Wilhelm we haven't heard his name. Germany is imperial, but her ruler is a snob. That Knaak will get the full extent of the law seems probable, but the high-cockalorum strutter of Unter den Linden will make no friends for the action among the Germans of America.

## Ambassador Choate's Speech.

To-be-Ambassador Choate—who is a Harvard man, in a speech delivered the other night at a dinner given by the University Club in New York, took occasion to tweak the noses of the mugwumps of Harvard who have been trying to embarrass the administration of McKinley by criticizing annexation and crying "imperialism." Choate said that "the real Harvard spirit has always been patriotic, and it has always been American. Do you remember what President Eliot said in answer to a weak voice within Harvard's walls raised against the conflict in which we have been lately engaged? In substance he said that so long as the country had a war on its hands it was not for Harvard's sons to reason why, theirs but to do or die, and like the Six Hundred, Harvard men answered their country's call and did their duty. When the nation called for men in this war, which I say was a war for right and humanity, the men of Harvard, mere boys, fought their way to glory, and Hollister and Quincy, and others will be enshrined in Memorial hall, beside the Shaws and the Putnams and the Sedgwicks."

## The President Promises the Filipinos.

There was much Democratic criticism because President McKinley did not lay down a Philippine policy in his late message to congress. The treaty of peace had not been signed and he would have been criticised, and more justly, had he advised anything. Of the wisdom of the course of the president in this matter there can be no doubt. It is now known in Washington that the president, before he took his departure for the South, presided at a cabinet meeting where the draft of a proclamation intended to be issued to the Filipinos was read and approved. The proclamation, it is said, guarantees to the inhabitants full self-government under the supreme jurisdiction of the United States. It is intended to reassure the Filipinos and to convince them that there is no intention on the part of the government of the United States to reimpose upon them the conditions that prevailed under Spanish rule.

There will be something pathetic in the career of Bryan. Bryan was the ornament of a moment, of an issue. He was the main diamond in the crown of an Egyptian princess. His rays have not lost lustre—but, ah me, the princess is deceased.

John D. Rockefeller, despite his millions, still carries a plain silver watch given him when a boy. He probably contends with too perfect human weakness, that it is the best time-keeper on earth.

No one has answered President McKinley's question: "Who will haul down the flag?" It is a hard question to answer, but we would like to see Admiral Von Dredrich make a motion to do it.

Shafter says that there were 16,000 men at the front at Santiago, "every one of them as much of a hero as his general." There is a laugh in this, but Shafter would not be able to see it.

If we loan money to Russia under a gold standard and Russia establishes free coinage and pays it back on that basis, the free silver men in America would have ample revenge.

The New York Journal, which did so much to boost Bryan, is an imperialist and is caricaturing Bryan now by showing him still a mislaid through a magnifying glass.

We might as well take the Philippines in so as to have some one to work the Santa Claus story on. Our children and the Indians refuse to accept it longer.

To a casual and unskilled observer, the Hobson business is getting a little tiresome to the orchestra and the first row of seats in the dress circle.

President McKinley wore a Confederate badge at Macon, Georgia. A poultice of forty years draws out a good many prejudices.

Hobson kissed 267 women at Kansas City. Some of them he kissed against their will, but most of them against their lips.

There is only one reason why we should have war perpetually—it would be a good thing for the protection of our navy.

There is no one man in the country who can haul down the American flag. But congress can do it without criticism.

They had heard the women of Missouri that Hobson was a great kisser, but, naturally, they wanted to be shown.

Garcia is still ahead of his old rival, Garcia. Garcia is dead. Garcia is only reported dead.

## Sayings and Who Said Them.

The every-day sayings which are on everybody's tongue sometimes have a far-off origin, and it is interesting to learn when and by whom they were first said.

The country doctor describes a local festivity without the aid of "the wire sma' hours ayont the twal," which is found in Burns' poem, "Death and Doomsday." "The wire sma' hours ayont the twal," which is found in Burns' poem, "Death and Doomsday." "The wire sma' hours ayont the twal," which is found in Burns' poem, "Death and Doomsday."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was said by Gray in his "Ode to Eton College." "Well begun is half done" may be traced back to Horace. "According to her garments, cut her cloth" was said by Dryden in "The Cuck and the Fox." Sir John Holt, in "Sir William Morris's Case," said, "The better the day the better the deed."

"Out of sight, out of mind," dates back to 1562, and is found in George's "Epytaphes, Epigrams, and Sonnettes." "And there, though last, not least," is from Skelton's "Colin Clout." "Through thick and thin" from the "Faery Queen."

"Have" Ben Jonson gives the advice to "laugh and be fat." One of Bishop Horne's sermons is the source of "It is better to wear out than rust in a closet." George Wither in a "Poem on Christmas" gives the warning that "Care will kill a cat," and a couplet from John Wootton's "Expostulatory Odes" contains the same sentiment.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every grin so merry, draws one out." "Nothing venture, nothing have," is found in "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," by Thomas Tusser. Churchill, in "The Ghost," says, "The more the less speed." "To go in one ear and out of the other" probably had its origin in Chaucer's "One ear it heard at the other it went out."

Francis, in "Colloquies to Lucius," gave us an adage which is in use every day. "The day mare will prove a better horse." "My dear, my better half," was said by Sir Philip Sidney, in "Arcadia." "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" is from "The New Maxims of Tom Brown," and another proverb often exemplified is from a fable by Gay:

"In every age and clime we see, Two of a trade can never agree."

Ben Jonson, in "The Devil is an Ass," says that "A burnt child dreads the fire." "Tis good to look before you leap," comes from Martin Parker's "Excellent New Medley." Goldsmith tells us that "man hunts but little here below." "Common events cast their shadows before" is found in "Lochiel's Warning," by Campbell.

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## Outlines of Oklahoma.

If there is one thing Tom Woolsey of Mulhall would rather do than another it is to write up a wedding.

The Stillwater claim that the sugar beet industry will not flourish in Oklahoma will meet with a mountain of refutation.

If there was a Populist governor of Oklahoma he might be inclined to call a special session of that old legislature, too.

Tom Ferguson of Watonga, is betting that Cuba will become a province of the United States and will have a delegate in Washington.

Under the marine laws of Oklahoma Enid claims an appropriation from the next legislature for removing the mines from the Enid Harbor.

Callahan has just started for Congress. Already, before he gets there, Pettigrew has tackled on a free home scheme to the Indian appropriation bill.

There is going to be trouble over the territorial printing some day. Where the amount is so large it should be divided up over the territory or cut down.

The Guthrie State Capital has received the contract for the territorial printing, which calls for \$40,000. It is said the printing could be done for \$25,000.

The father of Al C. Fulton, found murdered last week at Enid, has been located at Topeka. His name is W. S. Fulton and he works in the state house.

The soil of Kansas and Oklahoma is totally unlike. The red soil of Oklahoma extends into Kansas but at one point—in the southeast corner of Cowley county.

A waiter in an Oklahoma town said to Judge Tarney at Breakfast last week: "How'll you have your grand jury this morning, judge—straight up or turned over?"

If Frank Greer doesn't soon become the richest man in Oklahoma it is his own fault. He has been awarded the territorial printing again, and that brings him in \$40,000.

Senator Haven has just refused \$200 for his famous bull calf. It is not generally known that the calf swallowed a tomato can last May and has lost the sense of touch in his horns.

Tommy Abbott of El Reno has his portrait as a critic in the Christmas number of the Dramatic Mirror. Tommy looks fierce in the picture, but most of the "these companies feed safe, as they rarely reach El Reno."

Te Watonga Republican is kicking on the allotments held by Indians. These allotments are not cultivated, and besides being a waste of good land, prevent free range which should be made into the country and increase the taxable property \$20,000.

The last business to advance in the growth of any new country is the hotel business. A lot of money will be made in cheap buildings and make fortunes out of them when the country is new, sell out during hard times, and then a new set of men come in who put up beautiful inns and make no more than a living.

Guthrie Leader: Of all the five nations of Indians the Seminoles seem the most happy and contented. The census which has just been taken reveals the fact that they have no troubles about citizenship cases, and their lands will soon be allotted to their satisfaction. One thing that helped them so much in getting satisfactory terms was their willingness from the start to treat with the Dawes commission.

The Oklahoma City Times-Journal is throwing bombs at Judge Tarney. Listen to this: The El Reno Globe takes the proper course in protesting against the brow-beating of juries by the presiding judge. Such a course, while not a violation of the letter of the law, perhaps, is certainly a violation of its spirit. If a presiding judge has reason to suspect that a jury has been tampered with, he should instruct the grand jury to inquire into the matter. If he has grounds for such belief he should keep his convictions to himself, for he has no right to berate a juror with insinuations.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

The Collins trial has shown that Episcopalianism in Kansas is a good deal warmer attachment than love.

The Populist legislature should abolish all the offices it can. But it should not raise a finger to keep Populists in office.

The Populist legislature can make no mistakes by abolishing offices. It intends to do so, but the state will wait for the deed.

J. S. Hackney, one of the oldest settlers of Harvey county, and one of its most prosperous farmers, died Saturday. He left \$10,000 life insurance.

The Populists now acknowledge that the Republican state committee received no contributions from the insurance companies during the late campaign.

The best testimony from the Collins view-point given in the trial was from Grace Collins, his sister, who heard a wish by her door—the escape of the murderer.

Bishop Mills' evidence in the Collins case, if he did read it, the chances are that he regretted being so swift a witness and that he didn't qualify somewhat his broad answers.

Whatever becomes of young Collins, whether his calm is the righteousness of innocence or the antiseptic indifference of wrong, that nerve of his should be preserved in alcohol.

Beau, who went into the harbor of Santiago without a flush of excitement, telegraphed his mother about his life insurance before he boarded the Santa Fe's last mail the other night.

It is generally understood in Washington that the bill authorizing Judge Foster to retire on pay will be reported when congress meets after the holidays. Members of the Kansas delegation believe that it will become a law at the session.

The Populists hold their caucus—resolves on what they want and will pass it. There is to be no discrimination. But the state will wait to see whether that turns out true. A Populist doing something without discussion is a possibility which frightens credulity.

Thank heaven for the bill heard in a small town. Kind refuge for the disgraced man, the humiliated woman and the dogged miscreant. It comes out in the Collins trial that when the young man overpowered on whisky, he retreated behind the bill board to vomit.

The easiest way out of the Collins mess, very is that the old man now dead, was prone to over-indulged stories and the boy inherited the habit from his father. In the whole case there is only one substantial fact—the death of Collins by violence. Everything else, evidence, motive and the love for Miss Babcock, are vapory dreams.

Arkansas City Traveler: The wedding guests and the preacher had assembled at Guthrie to witness the marriage of Samuel Pratt in his sweetest. When they were ordered to arise the girl refused, saying she had just received a message from her dead mother not to marry him. The groom said he did not believe in "happy bunnies," but the bride did and the wedding failed.

An unknown man was killed Saturday by a train near Arkansas City. The only fact known about him is that he was dead. This piece of poetry was found on him:

"Written by the Inevitable Hand, I bow beneath His chastening frown; Though wandering in a silent land, He will I'm not dead alone."

"Though weak and weary, yet in spirit strong, I mortared through I hear no more. To Thee, O God, I give my soul beyond. While waiting on this worthless shore."

# Geo. Innes & Co.

## Kid Glove Event

There never was a woman who had too many gloves. Prospective gift buyers will find food for thought in this. No Glove stock in town better fitted to fit you and yours in gloves.

**Today**  
we offer fifteen dozen Perrin's first quality Gloves in browns and tans, all sizes. Our regular \$1.50 quality at 98c. Be on hand early and watch the crowd.

**Another Paper Special**  
Today we offer a limited lot of Whiting's best Turkey Linen Writing Paper, 5 quires in a box. Envelopes to match; sold for 75c; today, 29c.

**Open Evenings**  
Commencing tonight this store will be open for business every evening 'till Christmas.

# Do Dreams Come True?

Perhaps. It is no dream that we sell good clothing. We stake our reputation on our present offering being worth the money. Our black and blue Box Overcoats would make a most acceptable Xmas gift—handsome, stylish and substantial—the price low: \$10. Our Christmas novelties in furnishings are very comprehensive—embraces everything suitable for Xmas: Neckwear, Umbrellas, Smoking Jackets, Oxford Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Suspenders, etc., etc. These are all new goods, new patterns, new designs, all selected in the last two weeks, and still receiving new goods daily by express.